

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

California GARDEN

10c

MOREAS BLOOMING

Flowers?

No—Sprites
from Fairyland a-winging,
prancing, dancing, riding on the
westerly wind.

Fairies?

No—Notes
from Elfin-land a-ringing,
lilting, leaping, singing, with an
orchestra entwined,
Our garden's "Moment Musicale".

E. Matson.

NOTICE:—

April Meeting

Natural History Museum

Balboa Park

SUCCULENTS, with colored photographs and actual specimens, introduced and adored by the inimitable

Neff K. Bakkers

SPRING
1942

ALFRED D. ROBINSON

JULIUS WANGENHEIM

TREES, INDIVIDUALISTS

Frank F. Gander

JACARANDA A ROSEWOOD

Etta Florence Adair

GLEANINGS

Alice M. Clark

From the Notebook of a

Master Gardener

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They Have Gone On

ALFRED D. ROBINSON

In his going, the members of the San Diego Floral Association and a realm of gardeners everywhere will be mourning the loss of Alfred D. Robinson. Left now is only the imprint of a gay and genial spirit. Here was a liege man to the amenities, our mentor and leader in so many directions, a gardener first and always and an eminence in the field of horticulture that will long continue a lustre of the light he carried so long. This oak in our midst, so sturdily rooted in the good California soil, so benignly spread and of such sure understanding of the smaller growth about . . . has been cut.

Life has no valid place for continued sorrow. He taught us that. He primed us with light and so it is with a very special joy in remembrance that we consider this most unusual man and thorough-going gardener. Mr. Robinson was a founder and his vision for the Association had always been very broad, his plan very inclusive. He was the first editor of the California Garden and saw it almost single handed through the first lean and trying years. His thoughts and efforts for the Association were not only the promotion of horticulture, but the fostering of civic pride, the cultivation of art in all its forms, music and all the graces. All these, however, summed up for him to one thing and found expression in his gardening activities.

A picture comes to mind, as it must to all of those earlier days, a vivid remembrance of our distinguished lead-

er always impeccably dressed, raised in spirit and proudly presiding at a flower show, making a beautiful social occasion of it. It is peculiarly fitting and fortunate indeed that when the smaller city so needed inspiration, he had just this to offer. There was music at times, refreshments always and much else of the wine of life to make a gala festival. When the Floral Association was founded there were few groups of its character, save the Historical Society and the Pioneers, so that the frequent shows and meetings raised the tempo of not only garden enthusiasts, but those of indifferent allegiance, thus serving to cement friendships.

This versatile man had the ability to draw about him such men of varied talents as John Morley, Mr. Wangenheim, and Mr. Blochman, who became distinct assets of the new organization. It is sad, but very natural that we have lost so many of this original group the last few months and years and we must recall and seriously consider Mr. Robinson's expressed thought that younger folk should assume responsibilities. We hope they will see and understand and carry on as a token of love and respect. They are our hope for the preservation and perpetuation of this fine thing that he and these others established.

Among early memories are the flower shows at Unity Hall and several at the Grant Hotel about the time of its opening, the splendid assistance given to Mr. Marston and

Miss Sessions in park and street tree planning. Mr. Robinson worked vigorously in the assembling from all over the world of plants, seeds and cuttings for the initial planting of the first Exposition grounds in Balboa Park. He was a fount of knowledge for all who were seeking to improve garden, city or roadside and his spiritual insight enabled him to give that assistance in a manner that inspired all who knew him . . . that, locally; national, and internationally even, his observations and sage pronouncements will be missed by men of parts wherever the gardening fraternity meets.

And now, in words that might very well have been his own . . . he walks deep through fields of asphodel in search of that place where commune those kindred souls of Ancient Greece. "Hail, ye men of strong heart and bright comprehension,
Look ahead!"

A. M. Rainford.

JULIUS WANGENHEIM

The San Diego Floral Association is another of the numerous societies which counted Julius Wangenheim as a member and consequently now particularly feels his loss and mourns his death. He was a cultured gentleman with the soul of the true artist; he loved and sought beauty, striving toward perfection in his activities, in his life. No wonder the prize-winning garden of his home and this floral society were of special interest and joy to him. His life and personality are reflected in the wonder of blossoming flowers that he loved so.

Julius Wangenheim might be called the key citizen of San Diego. What he did for this region in many walks of life is his monument—the finest kind of monument.

REGINALD POLAND.
San Diego, April 6, 1942.

WHOEVER MAKES A GARDEN (Anonymous)

Whoever makes a garden
Has never worked alone;
The rain has often showered it
The sun has on it shone;
The wind has blown across it
And helped to scatter seeds—
Whoever makes a garden
Has all the help he needs.

Whoever makes a garden
Should surely not complain
With good friends like the sunshine
And sometimes, also, rain;
And, oftentimes, the breezes
To aid him in his toil—
All gifts of the Creator
Who also gave the soil.

Whoever makes a garden
Is, oh, so well befriended;
And, if judgment used arightly
E'en enmities are ended:
For wind and rain and sunshine
And dew and fertile sod
And all who help a garden
Work hand in hand with God.

March Meeting

Through the kindness of Clinton G. Abbott, who has made possible the Natural History Museum as a meeting place for the San Diego Floral association, the March meeting was held. All floral-minded persons are most grateful to Mr. Abbott.

Mrs. Mary A. Greer, president, informed the members that the annual Spring Flower Show has been cancelled this season—that instead of the flowers coming to the people, the people may come to the flowers. She suggested that there be made a record this year of visiting more gardens.

Tribute was paid Mr. Alfred Robinson, the founder-president and first editor of California Garden.

Mrs. Alice M. Clark, chairman of the garden contest committee, presented the medals to the winners of gardens—the bronze plaque to Mr.

(Continued on Page 9)

These Individualists—Our Trees

By FRANK F. GANDER

Throughout the ages, trees have been closely associated with the history of man, furnishing him with fuel for his fires, with materials for making tools and for building homes, with fruits and nuts to be used as food, a refuge from animals, with shelter from the hot sunlight of summer, and with protection from winter's winds. And trees have not only been of practical use but of inspirational value, too, as is attested by the frequent reference to them in poetry and other literature, and by their regular occurrence in works of art, either as the central theme or as background. Philosophers of many lands have made forests their favorite retreats.

That even prehistoric man valued trees for their beauty and majesty as well as for more utilitarian reasons is evidenced in the mythology of the ancients. Such tales as those of the dryads, guardian nymphs of the woods, have their origin lost in the mists that conceal the story of man's early development. All primitive people, even of recent times, have had their lives intimately entwined with trees. Their folklore is rich in references to these greatest of plants.

Our own California Indians were no exception, and when the padres first came to this heaven on earth which we call California, they found its inhabitants dependent upon trees for two of their most important foods, acorns and pinyon nuts. They found round huts built of poles cut from willow trees, and people living in these huts who believed that there could be no secrets, for the leaves of the trees were ears which heard everything, even one's thoughts, and passed them on to the wind.

While Southern California counts too many days of golden sunlight in its year to be a land of many trees, yet there are more than forty kinds native to San Diego county alone. In the state as a whole, there are a hundred or more kinds, not just six native here as some people would like to tell us. Most Californians, however, would find it difficult to name even six kinds that are indigenous to our state—we do not know which are native and

which are not. The reason for this is simple, most of us are so new in the land that trees from all continents had become settled here and grown into gnarled patriarchs before our arrival. Native and alien often stand side by side and furnish no clue to the layman as to their origin.

Our California trees are confined to three general types of areas in which there is sufficient moisture in the soil to enable them to become established. Most important of these areas is the mountains, and there, increased precipitation makes possible a great but interrupted forest stretching the length of the state. Every stream that winds its way down from these mountains has its meanderings marked by a gallery forest of water-loving species, while in the north, fog and rain drifting in from the sea support a coastal forest. Two of these types of areas are well represented in San Diego county, the third but poorly.

On our mountains we have many noble trees, some of them as large and fine for their species as can be found in any land. Huge Sugar Pines may be seen on the three peaks of Cuyamaca and on Volcan and Hot Springs Mountains; Western Yellow Pines occur on Cuyamaca and Palomar; Jeffrey and Coulter Pines on all of our main mountain masses, and Pinyon Pines on arid peaks in the eastern part of the edge of the desert. White Firs and Incense Cedars are common above four thousand feet altitude and make beautifully symmetrical trees; Big-cone Spruces mingle with the chaparral on Banner Grade, in canyons near Mesa Grande, and in Lost Valley, and they grow to truly gigantic size in Doane Valley of Palomar Mountain. The Tecate Cypress occurs on lesser peaks such as Tecate, Otay, and Guatay, while Stephenson's Cypress is known only from the headwaters of Kings Creek on the western slope of Cuyamaca.

In addition to the cone-bearing trees and their allies, we have several oaks including the Kellogg Oak which is deciduous and every autumn decks our mountains with gold; the Coast Live Oak and Mesa Blue Oak, both

Jacaranda A Rosewood

By ETTA WALLACE ADAIR

also occurring at much lower elevations; the Gold-Cup Oak that prefers to grow in deep canyons and often reaches magnificent proportions; two rare hybrids, the Morehus Oak and the Gander Oak, and on the slopes toward the desert, the Palmer Oak with its holly-like leaves. The California Laurel is frequent in canyons of the desert slope; Madrone and Big-leaf Maple are to be found in sheltered spots near the west base of Palomar, and at the side of the Sunrise Highway grows the Redbud or Judas Tree.

Along the streams that lead westward down the mountains march White Alders and Ash Trees, Willows of several kinds, and at lower altitudes Fremont Cottonwoods and California Sycamores. In the region northwest of Vista, one may see the beautiful Black Poplar along the streams, its lovely leaves flashing from green to silver with every passing breeze. Where the valleys broaden out stand groves of ancient Live Oaks with here and there among them gnarled old Elderberries. Three of such groves have been set aside by the County as El Monte, Felicitas, and Live Oak Parks.

Streams that flow toward the desert have many of these same trees along their upper reaches, but lower down we find groves of California Fan Palms, probably more than two thousand of them in our County. Out on the desert, the water courses are marked by Desert Willow, Mesquite, Screwbean, Palo Verde, Ironwood, and Smoke Tree, first one and then another of these different species predominating according to the depth in the sand at which the water is flowing. On the slopes grows that arborescent individualist, the Elephant Tree.

Equally distinctive is the only living remnant of a coastal forest which probably existed in this region in some prehistoric age. This is the Torrey Pine, most famous of our local trees—famous for its twisted and picturesque trunks which result from continuous buffeting by wind from the ocean. Relic of an age long past, it clings to its bit of coastline, far removed from other native pines. There is evidence that the Torrey Pine, once shared all the southern coast with other trees, perhaps even Redwoods, but now it stands alone. That even this tree

(Continued on Page 8)

The Jacaranda is native in Brazil. The name is Portuguese, and in Portuguese it is pronounced zha'ka-randa'.

The genus Jacaranda belongs in the family Bignoniacae, or Bignonia family. It is thus related to the Bignonia, the Tecoma, and the Catalpa. It is separated from these and other kindred genera by its panicle flowers with short campanulate calyx, its short pod, with transparently winged seeds, and its twice pinnate leaves.

There are about fifty species of the Jacaranda, that planted in southern California being a variety of the *Jacaranda acutifolia* (acute leaf). This name was given to the species by the German scientist Friedrich Heinrich Alexander von Humboldt and the French naturalist Aimé Bonpland about the time of their historic visit to South America and Mexico, 1799-1804.

The name was appropriate to the trees these men described, for trees like ours, which have oval leaves, were not included in the species named. Our trees were not classified until 1822, when two British botanists, Robert Brown and David Don, described them, Brown under the name *ovalifolia* (oval leaf) and Don under the name *mimosifolia* (mimosa leaf). According to the International Code of botanists the first name given must stand, but it was difficult to determine which of these names was given first, and confusion arose, some authors using the one name and some using the other. It is *ovalifolia* in Bailey's Cyclopedia and in his Manual, 1924, and so it is in Standard Plant Names, a work of the American Joint Committee on Horticultural Nomenclature, 1924.

But the species *ovalifolia*, or *mimosifolia*, has been transferred to the species *acutifolia*, presumably because a more careful examination of the two kinds of trees showed that only a varietal difference, and not a specific difference, separates them. So the trees of southern California are now of the species *acutifolia*, although their leaves are distinctly oval. Bailey, in his Hortus, 1930, observes the

change of the specific name, and so does Taylor, in his Garden Dictionary, 1936; but Sunset's All Western Garden Guide still has *mimosifolia*, and it is so advertised by the Armstrong Nurseries.

All the species of the Jacaranda are tall trees of elegant habit, native in tropical America. Some of these, among them certain varieties of the *acutifolia*, furnish a beautiful and fragrant wood, bluish red with blackish veins; sometimes, in common with numerous other timbers, called rosewood. Our Jacaranda is among the best flowering trees of subtropical regions. It is symmetrical and of a soft light green color, with foliage as finely cut as a fern, and with flowers in loose pyramidal panicles of forty to ninety flowers, lilac-blue in color.

There are only two species of the Jacaranda that are cultivated for ornament, the *acutifolia* and the *cuspifolia*. The *Jacaranda cuspifolia* is sometimes advertised in California. It is said to be larger than the *Jacaranda acutifolia*, to have larger panicles, and to have flowers of a brighter hue, blue-violet in color.

Rosewoods are so called because of the faint rose-scent of the wood when freshly cut. However, the name has come to apply to other timbers like these but without the rose-scent.

The rosewoods mostly come from Brazil, and there the general name is *Maderia de roseira*. *Maderia* is the Portuguese for wood, and *roseira*, for rose-tree. (*Madera* Island was so named with reference to the forests that once covered it.) The rosewood of the English is believed to be from the *Dalbergia nigra*, a tree belonging to the pea family.

BULRUSHES CONDEMNED

In New South Wales that they have been sentenced to drowning, according to a Sydney report. They have closed many irrigation and drainage canals. They will be cut under water at intervals until eventually they will drown.

COMPLICATIONS and COMMENT

*Call this chitter, but not tattle—call it gossip, call it prattle—
But whate'er may be its name, call it fun—
This garden game!*

NATURE NEVER FAILS US!

If you are driving through to the East you live with the red bud, the dogwood, the trillium. If you go north in April, you have the fields of gold and blue and the mountain sides covered with lilacs. And the forests!—those gardens of God—As I saw them some weeks ago, every branch was tufted with tenderest green, and the air was filled with the fragrance of the pine.

Marcella Darling

GREEK

An interesting plant in the shadiest corner of a border is Acanthus, the form of whose broad dark green leaves was used by the ancient Greeks as part of decorative designs in and upon their beautiful stone edifices. This plant sends up tall stems upon which grow in profusion an odd looking flower—somewhat like that of the hopvine in general character but white predominating in the colour scheme. Thalictrum may sit close beside this plant to conceal the bareness of midsummer and although all vestige of its existence disappears in winter, it shoots up rapidly in spring and delights the eye with its maidenhair fern foliage and tall slender stems upon each of which eventually forms a pyramid of exquisite mauve flowers which droop downward—as if shyly endeavoring to hide their beauty. A useful little ground cover beneath is Ajuga, or Bugle Weed, as it is sometimes called—its pretty blue flowers also deserve mention.

—V. M. S.

VEGETABLE IMMIGRANTS

Celery originated in Germany. The chestnut came from Italy. The onion originated in Egypt. The nettle is a native of Europe. The citron is a native of Greece. Oats originated in North Africa. The poppy originated in the East. Rye came originally from Siberia. Parsley was first known to Sardinia.

The pear and apple are from Europe.
Spinach came from Arabia.
The sunflower was brought from Peru.
The mulberry tree originated in Persia.
Walnuts and peaches came from Persia.
The horse chestnut is a native of Tibet.
Cucumbers came from the East Indies.
The quince came from Crete.
The radish is a native of China and Japan.
Peas are of Egyptian origin.
Horseradish is from southern Europe . . . and schnickelgruber from Austria.

BETTER SEEDS NOW

We don't know how the Pasadena area could get along for long without a Campbell behind the seed counter. Better Gardens in San Marino on Huntington Boulevard, with Neil Campbell in an apron will renew that old contact.

He stresses the best in seed as being the most economical in the long run and that time is short for experimentation in values if one is to bridge over the gap left by the Japs. We urge the best, now that you will be growing your own parsnips. Jean Marie Putnam and Lloyd Cosper do the same thing and go further. In *Gardens for Victory*, published by Brace, Harcourt and Co., New York City, they go into the whole matter of growing vegetables in the back yard or wherever else you might be pleased to do so. In their defense of this notion of gardening for material profits, they use good tactics and sound . . . they attack. In other words, while they go through time-honored operations in the making of a vegetable garden, they streamline aggressively with a touch of invention. There is the verve that holds us to these common things . . . another word is inspiration.

Here you will find out something about your vitamin pills in the mak-

ing and come to find that this newly acquired term "deficiency," some way or other has to do with the time and the fact that people became too busy to muss around in the soil for themselves. They suggest something of the beauty that can come of this utilitarian side of the garden. They start right by speaking with emphasis of the plan . . . here, as elsewhere one hopes to make most of the mistakes on paper. It's cheaper and less bother. It brings results.

This is a book in the modern way on a subject that is nearly as old as time. It seems to bring things up to date and while we will have victory without gardens, the winning of it will be sweeter and surer with a well-heaped trencher for that final reservoir, the stomach. The last may be particularly true here in Southern California.

R. S. H.

HATTIE RUMBLE-SHUCKS

says "you can't help thinkin' what you think" and she is thinking with a "plague of sighing and grief" about all these fine gardens without anybody to live in them . . . so much money and time-servin' effort spent for just so much refrigerated atmosphere.

She knows of a pepper tree and sixteen skinny zinnias, with a lovely family of Mexicans living there. And she goes on to tell of the spontaneous joy that comes to them from somewhere . . . "out of nowhere seemin', the ether, God or whatever 'tis." She sees the tender, touching, feeling hands that maneuver an old rusty fork in and about the unrushed soil to the good of these friendly beloved flowers. And she thinks the while, with unshed tears of an unhappy dowager who sits on a tessellated terrace and directs her gardeners. "The Lord never made things that away . . . it's people with too much that's got off the track."

Now, speaking of you and me and Mayme . . . you, have you ever gone out to pull a fig from your own lone tree? . . . Have you ever bent to a tiny bulb abloom and raised with a thrill that comes almost as an electric shock? Then you've made contact and you'll do for the abode of the blessed . . . but for the rest, "time's surely awastin'!"

"Through the Chink In the Wall"

Mrs. Fred Lindley, on West Lewis St., has the Jacobean lily, *Sprekelia formosissima*, blooming in her garden. She values it especially as a gift for an invalid man, as its brilliant red blooms, of unusual form never fail to arouse the interest of the recipient.

Not having the Spring Flower Show this year has one silver lining. It enables us to enjoy our roses and other flowers without having to worry about forcing or holding back the blooms for a certain blue ribbon (?) date.

In Capt. Kruse's garden on Rosecrans St. (the one with the white picket fence gay with ivy geraniums in the parking strip), there is a beautiful three-foot border? The planting is of red and yellow *alternanthera amoena*, the carpet bedding edge, with glowing red *sparaxis*, splotched with yellow in their throats, standing gayly, a foot high, behind it. It is backed by graceful sprays of rosy bouvardia. That is the sort of planning we dream of, but seldom see.

If you want to see some "good neighbors" visit Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Gardner, on diagonal corners of James St. Any choice shrub or flower that can be divided or slipped or raised from seed is shared, not only with each other but with visitors. Mrs. Gardner has been one of the few who responded with bouquets for the Red Cross. Right now she has a very choice plot under her araucaria tree. A silvery mat of zebra grass frames the edge and encloses succulent clumps of butter-yellow and velvet-red English primroses. Ferns and hanging baskets of begonias carry on up into the tree. Mrs. Barry has an informal planting of fuchsias, ferns and begonias around the trunk of an old pepper tree and beside a pool that is a veritable fairyland. If you have any Scotch blood in you, you are bound to start a garden when you come away from her house as you couldn't let all those fine slips go to waste.

All the passers-by sighed when they saw the wall go up around the Ralph (Continued on Page 9)

Gleanings from the Magazines

By Alice M. Clark

Those who have acquired a gardenia plant recently should be sure to take advantage of the excellent article on its culture that appears in the back part of the March "Sunset." A bush lilac, "*leptodermis oblongata*," two feet high with "flowers much like the lilac in appearance, color, and fragrance, except that they are smaller," described in that number, tempts me sorely. Has anyone had any experience with it, or seen it, to recommend it?

The nicely illustrated elucidation on growing cascade chrysanthemums in the February Sunset, should be followed by some volunteer in our midst, who could show us the results this fall, and hear our envious comments. Come to think of it, why couldn't some one be drafted to try out different unusual plants and methods and report back to us? Suggestions for Moonlight gardens, in the same number will appeal to romantic souls and those who love white, perhaps they are one and the same in our sense of association since the recent deluge of weddings. The article on Caladiums is timely and reminds me that we should grow more of them. Anyone who has raised tuberous begonias should add caladiums to their list as the care is the same except that, without a glass-house, the tubers should be started later, when it is warm. I have never had more satisfaction than I received from a white-leaved variety that was given to me. The second year, I made several plants from one tuber and at one time there were fourteen leaves on one beautiful potted specimen. They were all raised out of doors, under trees.

The March "Cactus Journal" is a real pathfinder. Thinking that they were a bit 'high brow' for the average reader, they have started an amateur bulletin, which is included in this issue, but which can be subscribed for separately, at a much lower cost. It is very well done, full of illustrations and articles calling the plants by their common names. We hope their path is as studded with new subscribers as the garden of a cactus fan is with

spines, and we admire their courage in experimenting "in these times."

"Desert" for March, under the title, "Rubber in the Desert," has a story on the development of rubber from the "rabbit brush" that is quite surprising. Its original discovery was way back in 1904, right in Owen's Valley, now in the news for other reasons.

This magazine gets such excellent detailed letters from its subscribers, that it must be a source of envy to our editor. Can't more of our group exchange the hose (this is Southern California, you know), for the pen and let a few random thoughts flow in this direction? One does like to get the feeling of an audience, whether through boos or cheers, in preference to silence.

That fine magazine from Baltimore, "Gardener's Chronicle" for March, has the complete story on "Raising Show Cyclamen" from seed up. I already have it in my card-index file. And then, under the tantalizing title, "My 'Pinchey' Garden," we have a discussion, with sketch, for planting fragrant shrubs and herbs. The February issue has a "must read," by V. A. Tiedjens, of the New Jersey Experiment Station, entitled "Fertilizers for Your Garlen." It tells why, when and how of soil composition, in simple terms, with a clear summary of the action of chemical, liquid and organic fertilizers.

In the March 1st "Horticulture" the above author explains "How to Avoid Wasting Plant Food." Something to profit by! In the February 15th issue, a column on how to handle peat was helpful and reminded me of my struggles with my first bale of the Swedish article. It would have served for comic relief in a Garden Movie.

"Better Homes and Gardens" for March gets a good rating for a graphic article on "Raising Seeds in Spagnum Moss." Seems as though we just couldn't go wrong on that, and we may have to do more seed planting right along. There is a short treatise on those ever-popular African-violets, raised from leaves, as usual, but the method is carefully explained. I think the pages on "Window Boxes in Color" are very gay, but they don't seem as charming as those gorgeous pink geraniums on the window sill of

Mrs. Faulkner's house on Kingsley St.

To my mind, the April cover of "Better Homes and Gardens" is the embodiment of the name of the magazine; beautiful in color and theme, with a delightful article covering it. To those of us who know the Rosecroft Begonia Garden, the nice photogenic "Begonias, as Houseplants," in the April issue, were hardly recognizable, used as we are to seeing them in lush, tropical growth. My own specimens, left experimentally, sunken in pots right out in the south sun all winter, have come out better than some that have been colder, in lath-houses. They are not exposed to wind, however. But I, too, would have a winlow of begonias if I couldn't have them any other way, only how could I ever make a choice among hundreds of plants? There is another herb article, with illustrations of white on black, that are classic in their beauty, and the discussion is equally fine.

How can one review a tiny magazine, like "Golden Gardens" for March, when everything in it applies to our problems, right now? It starts out with, "The Truth About Deciduous Things," by our own Alfred Hottes—need I say any more? Have you a yen for silk stockings? Go out and count the mulberry trees before you catch your silk worms. See if you have some of those scarce bulbs mentioned in a further article. They all grow here and have been pushed by Miss Sessions. I am taking more interest in cultivating the soil since, in "Control of Some Early Spring Garden Pests," I learn that the cut-worm is delicate and easily injured, if disturbed. "Seaside Planting," by a landscape architect, would soon have the water-front of Ocean, Pacific, and Mission Beach beautified, if everyone read it. There they are—now it's your fault if you miss them!

Since we can't have our magazine so often, get the "Library Exchange Habit." Let there be a waiting line for the Garden File. A.M.C.

There are about 250,000 known species of plants in the world, of which approximately 15,000 are native of the United States.

FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF A MASTER GARDNER

PLANTAIN IN LAWNS

In digging plaintain out of a lawn it should be remembered that the work should be done before the seed matures, else all your labor will be wasted effort as far as any permanent relief is concerned. If the lawn has been infested for a period of years, there will be considerable ungerminated seed in the ground and even if all the plants now growing are destroyed, more will certainly spring up from time to time. Persistent effort however should finally reduce them to a minimum, always provided new plants are killed before they seed. Fertilizer, of course, quickly stimulates weed growth as well as grass, particularly when sulphate of ammonia is used.

In addition to digging out by hand, chemical control is sometimes practicable. Where plants are not too numerous some such material as sulphuric acid may be used to good advantage, applying a few drops with a medicine dropper to the crown of each plant. Even sulphate of ammonia applied in a strong solution in tablespoonful doses to each plant, will be quite effective. The grass near treated pants will be killed also, but as soon as the treated area is well irrigated, it can be re-seeded. Where infestations of plaintain are too general or too heavy to permit of individual treatment, as above indicated, the use of an iron sulphate solution may be tried. This is made by dissolving 1½ to 2 pounds of iron sulphate to the gallon of water and applying with a sprinkler. The grass will be quite badly burned, but will recover. This material is not recommended except for heavy and general infestations.

* * *

HIBISCUS

Lack of new growth and blasting of the buds of hibiscus, particularly in young plants, is perhaps more apt to be due to a poor condition of the roots than to any other one cause. Many plants are kept in pots or cans in the nursery so long before planting out that the roots become "pot bound," causing such plants to become practically worthless. Some-

times they will "snap out" of it after a few years, but it rarely pays to nurse such plants along. You might try digging down to the roots of an ailing plant and see just what the root condition is.

Cold weather will usually blight hibiscus buds but this season there has not been enough cold to cause trouble in this connection.

After going down to the roots of a plant in question, if they appear to be normal try fertilizing well. If you get no response this summer to such treatment, it undoubtedly would be better to replace the plant.

* * *

ROSES

Roses should be fertilized with well-rotted barnyard manure or organic fertilizer rich in nitrogen each year and that right now. Roses cannot do their best unless a good mulch of barnyard manure, or that from chicken runs, is applied in the fall or spring, and even a summer application will help to insure rapid growth. The color of the flowers will be much better if plenty of fertilizer is applied. A rest period in between the spring and later blooms is usually advisable. The rest period can be promoted by avoiding heavy irrigations and fertilization during blooming periods.

It is very often of value to use commercial fertilizers, such as bone meal, in addition to barnyard manures, but there really is no complete substitute for the latter. Plenty of barnyard manure, rightly applied, will ordinarily be sufficient to produce roses of the highest quality.

* * *

HUMUS

Humus is really decaying organic matter. Organic matter is an essential part of all good soils. It is constantly decaying in the soil and must be replaced from time to time as it becomes depleted.

Humus or decaying organic matter acts as a sponge, aiding the soil to retain moisture and adding necessary plant food as it decays. It helps to loosen compact, heavy soils making them more porous, permitting deeper root growth and a better drainage.

Sandy soils, on the contrary, are made more compact by the addition of organic matter and the retention of moisture around the roots is made possible.

Perhaps the most important service rendered by humus to plants is that in decaying it promotes and increases the action of soil bacteria, vitally necessary in the breaking down of soil compounds that the plant food elements they contain may be available to the plant roots.

Decaying vegetable matter of some sort is the source of humus. For gardens perhaps the best source is ordinary strawy stable manure or that from chicken runs. Alfalfa hay or bean straw chopped rather fine are frequent sources of humus, particularly valuable because they contain so much necessary plant food. Good imported peat moss is also valuable for its humus, although it contains practically no plant food. A compost heap made from vegetable and plant refuse and allowed to decay, is a source of humus too often neglected in this country. Green manures, particularly vetch, clovers, mustard, weeds, etc., are valuable sources of humus when turned under and allowed to decay in the soil.

When organic matter of any kind is incorporated with your soil, more rapid decay will be promoted in the presence of some moisture, supplied either by rains or irrigation.

* * *

PERSEVERANCE

EARNESTNESS commands the respect and earns the confidence of mankind. Without earnestness, no man will ever be great, nor will he ever do great things in the garden.

HE MAY BE as brilliant as the sun, entertaining as an end man, popular as pay day, but if he lacks earnestness, time and pains will do nothing for him, nor will his chrysanthemums come to bud.

NO GENIUS has been able to invent a substitute for thorough-going ardent earnestness. It is the one virtue that the world is sadly in need of today.

ADD DETERMINATION: A determined man can do more with a dull hoe and a hasty trowel, than a drone will do with two sets of tools and three helpers.

—Author Unknown.

LIGHTNING FERTILIZES

Lightning, long-time foe of man was revealed today to be a friend, helping to produce food by fertilizing the soil, and also keeping the earth's "battery" charged. Two billion lightning strokes—approximately seven for every square mile of earth—perform useful work during the 16 million electrical storms that occur each year, it was reported in the February issue of the Westinghouse Engineer, a quarterly engineering journal published by the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company.

Two benefits result from lightning attack, the magazine said:

(1) The action of the thunderbolts in streaking through the atmosphere with the speed of 60 million miles per hour releases nitrogen from the air. In the form of nitric acid, the nitrogen falls in rain drops and enriches the soil. Through this process, lightning annually produces nearly 100 million tons of nitric acid—more of this soil builder than is manufactured by all the world's fertilizer plants.

(2) Lightning restores the electricity that constantly seeps from the earth to clouds and thus keeps the earth charged. Negative electricity continuously leaks into the skies from the earth at the rate of 1,000 amperes. The power represented in this leakage is about 300,000 kilowatts—enough to drive 200 submarines.

Lightning is much like rain, a sudden, tangible precipitation of something that has been accumulating slowly and invisibly. In the spectacular show that lightning stages, the stroke itself, the thunder it creates and the damage it causes are the visible actors. But they are only three-fourths of the cast. The other unobserved principal is the constant flow of electricity from the earth to clouds. To offset this loss of electricity, the earth's surface must be struck by lightning at the average of 50 times a second, or about two billion times a year.

Indicating the magnitude of lightning's job as a battery re-charger for the earth, it is said the average stroke carries an electrical wallop of 30 coulombs, representing about one billion kilowatts—more than the combined output of all the power houses in the world.

These lightning engineers explain that the earth constantly loses and regains its electrical charge because of ionization in the air. Particles in the air which become electrically charged or ionized conduct electricity from the earth to clouds. It is this same ionization process which enables lightning to bring lost electricity back to earth, engineers said, adding:

"Ionization in the air is produced by X-rays emanating from radioactive minerals in the earth's crust, by radioactive gases in the atmosphere and by cosmic rays from the outer universe."

ALMA MATER OF ALL ALMA MATERS

One of the most venerable trees in the world is the last of the great olive trees of Plato's academe near Athens, Greece. The tree is the last remnant of the grove or pleasure grounds in which Plato taught philosophy while he walked with his pupils 25 centuries ago. Because those were the first public lectures in philosophy, the grove was considered the mother of all institutes of learning. Colleges, universities and other institutions were named academies in memory of the grove.

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Our Trees

(Continued from Page 3)

is but poorly suited for living in the area where it still persists can be seen in the quick response which it makes to better growing conditions. Planted away from the ocean, in deep soil, and with a regular supply of water, offsprings of our crooked little trees become tall, symmetrical giants.

It is because the Torrey Pine is quite frequently found in cultivation that it is more than just a name to most Californians. Few of our natives have been so widely used. The Incense Cedar, Coast Live Oak, and California Sycamore are planted occasionally but are almost unknown to most of our people. Folks who have been here a few years may know that we have a native palm, but few even of the native sons and daughters could pick out our native from the many kinds of palms that are grown here. Watch for a fan-leaved palm with a fat trunk and having comparatively few rather large leaves with many thread-like fibers hanging from their edges, and that is our California Fan Palm.

These are but a small part of the native trees which we should be growing. Both Coulter and Pinyon Pines are tolerant of summer drouth and could probably be grown successfully in almost any part of our county. The God-cup Oak grows under most adverse conditions at times, even on arid peaks of the desert. It is well worth planting if only for its lovely big acorns in their wooly cups. There are a very few individuals of the California Laurel in San Diego, but enough to show that it will grow here. Its aromatic foliage is excellent for flavoring roasts of meat. The Madrone, aristocrat of trees should be given a trial. The beauty of this big brother of the manzanitas is enough to justify expending much effort to add it to our list of city trees. There are other trees from our back country, too, which might well succeed in cultivation if given but half the opportunity extended to foreign trees.

Certainly it is true that while we have neglected our native trees, we have brought in others from all the lands of the earth—every continent

sometimes being represented in a single city block. We have trees from the tropics and trees from far northern lands, trees from deserts and trees from islands, trees from north of the equator and trees from south of the equator, all growing together in our parks and along our streets. We care not from what land a tree comes, just so that it is green and fresh-looking throughout most of the year. We use but few trees that drop their leaves and stand bare for months at a time. Such trees suggest winter and are not to be tolerated in this genial clime.

Without doubt Australia heads the list of continents supplying us with trees, giving us all of our many kinds of Eucalyptus with their great variety of forms, foliage, and flowers; most of our Acacias, which for the next few months will be great mounds of gold in our yards, the Silkoak, the Bunyabunya, the Cassowary Tree and its relatives, and the Bigleaf Rubber whose figs are an important food of the big fruit bats of the island continent. These are a few of the most widely planted trees for which we are indebted to Australia, but there are many others.

South America has given us some of our loveliest and best-known trees. The Pepper Tree from Peru, which was first planted at the Mission of San Luis Rey, has been so thoroughly adopted that even in books one finds it referred to as the California Pepper Tree. In summer, the Jacaranda makes as fine a show with its blue flowers as the Australian Acacias do earlier with their yellow ones. The Cocos plumosa or Feather Palm is one of the most graceful and widely planted members of that group of trees.

From Africa we get the Date and Swamp Palms, the Fern Pine, and the spectacular Silver Tree, and from its neighboring Canary Islands, the Dragon Tree and an indigenous pine, as well as one of the most conspicuous trees of our city, the Canary Island Date Palm, the massive feather-leaved palm so widely planted. Asia gives us the Deodar, the Japanese Cedar, the Chinese Elm, the Camphor Tree, and the Gingko or Maiden-hair Tree which is known nowhere in the wild but has been preserved down through the ages by its use in the temple grounds of the Orient. Most of our

European trees come from the Mediterranean region. The Stone Pine, the Olive, and the Cork Oak are examples. Eastern North America provides the American Elm, the Magnolia, and the Catalpa, and from Mexico we get the Orchid Trees.

These are but a few of the many kinds of trees available in our nurseries, trees to fit every purse, place, and personality. Not one of us but would profit from having a tree to call our own, to teach us steadfastness in ways that are right. If there is no tree that belongs to you personally, adopt one of the public's and become sincerely friendly with it, or if you have a proper place, celebrate Arbor Day by planting a tree. To make your celebration complete, on each of the other six days of Conservation Week learn to recognize at least one kind of San Diego County native tree. You will find them friends worth cultivating.

Frank F. Gander,
Natural History Museum,
Balboa Park.

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"THRU THE CHINK IN THE WALL"

(Continued from Page 3)

Kline home on Sunset Blvd., because it cut off glimpses of the lovely garden. But the generous owners are happy to share with others the charms the enclosure has made possible. Any-one seeing the new pool inside the gate, enhancing the Madonna bas-relief on the wall, would rejoice with them in the possession of such a jewel-like setting.

Mrs. Roscoe Hazard, on Whittier St., has a project well under way that will be practically a one-woman flower show. She has over four hundred begonia plants already growing, and those who marked her success last year in the August show will be on tip-toe for a glimpse of them in all their glory. She has promised us an open garden day! In the spring she excites our admiration with long-stemmed tulips, daffodils and iris and winds up beyond her begonia season with dahlias of amazing vigor and size; truly she leaves us breathless.

There is Mrs. George Graves, who "went to town" with big prize pink geraniums. The war caught her with her garden all wonderfully landscaped "on paper" only, so she promptly set out saucy rows of vegetables and is already enjoying the vitamins of her labors.

(Oh, Victory, how sweet and juicy are thy turnips!)

By ALICE M. CLARK

MARCH MEETING

(Continued from Page 2)

and Mrs. H. R. Peckham, who have been the winners for three consecutive years; the silver medal to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Merritt; Mr. Oliver C. Evans winner of small class gardens; and bronze medal to Captain Cruze.

One of the really outstanding talks before the Floral Association this year was given by Naturalist Frank F. Gander, who with exceptionally interesting pictures on the screen, told of his trip from San Diego down the entire length of Lower California to

NOTICE

Due to the pinch of the emergency in paper materials and labor and time, the California Garden will be issued quarterly for the duration . . . Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter.

the most southern point of the peninsula, Cape San Lucas.

Max Miller, author, who financed the expedition, with Laurence Huey and Mr. Gander, Museum staff members, left San Diego on October 6th and returned December 16th, 1941. They travelled down the west coast and at Santo Domingo visited the Hamilton Ranch; saw onyx quarries at El Marmol, and the old mission at San Borjas. Crossing Baja California, eastward, they stopped at San Ignacio, Santa Rosalia, Mulege, San Jose de Comondu, the loveliest city which ends point of the peninsula.

Mr. Gander said the most scenic part of the trip was along Concepcion Bay where desert mountains stand was visited, and San Miguel de Comondu, San Jorge, Santo Domingo, right at the edge of the water. At the head of the bay is a magnificent forest of giant cactus. South of La Paz there was much evidence of damage done by floods and hurricane in the Magdalena Plain, La Paz, El Triunfo, Mira Flores, San Jose del Cabo, and Cabo San Lucas, the most south-September—San Bartolo was practically wiped out. There was mile after mile of lovely flowers in the south-land. Palo Blanco is the most beautiful tree in that region and the Coral Vine or Rosa de Montana is the most colorful flower. The people are friendly, kind and picturesque. Excellent dates are raised at San Ignacio and at Comondu.

Beautiful specimens of flowers and blossoms of shrubs were donated by members for distribution among those in attendance—one unique exhibit was a basketful of palm fruit which resembled grapes.

G. M. G.

GARDENERS

On dull days or bright, mostly in the long evenings, the arts of the back-yard gardeners are being practiced. June strikes the hour for a desire to plant flowers and vegetables. Upon some men the fascination of growing things weighs heavily. Upon others, it is only a passing thought. Whether a man, or woman is a good gardener or a poor one, the rewards of gardening are health and contentment. This is worth while, even if nothing grows properly.—S. D. Union.

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